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TAKEN BY SIEGE.

The Story of a Young Journalist's Experiences in New York.

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Brummel. The collar of one was too

Dawn office would have been exciting

He lost no time in walking to West

Twentieth street, but when he turned

into that street and the little gothic houses

stood in all their prettiness before him,

he slackened his speed. For a moment

he thought that he was ill, but he con-

cluded that it was only the effects of an

exciting day. Back and forth he walked

in front of the house he was so soon to

enter, and could not make up his mind

to pull the bell handle, "Rush Hurlstone,

you're a fool!" he finally said. "Don't

you know this is business?" Then he

mounted the steps and rang the bell. How musically it tinkled in the basement

below! The door was opened by a man

servant in livery, of whom he demanded,

"I will inquire if you will be good

nough to send up your card," replied

the man, with the evasive answer of the

well trained servant of a public person.

at the same time ushering Rush, who

handed him Mr. Musgrave's note of in-

troduction, into a gem of a drawing

room. A grand piano stood in the mid-

dle of the room, which was adorned with

fine paintings and some rare portraits of

distinguished singers. Flowers in bas-

kets and in vases filled the place with a

rich perfume. Easy chairs and bric-a-

brac abounded. The whole atmosphere

of the room was one of luxury and good

Rush, looking about him; "these are the

rugs her tiny feet tread upon; these are

her books; there stands her piano, over

whose ivory keys her ivory fingers

glide." In this way he amused himself

he was afraid he could not speak when

she entered. Ten thousand thoughts flew

through his mind. He arose from his

chair, and, shutting his eyes, said to

himself: "When that door opens I shall

see the most divinely beautiful creature

that treads this earth; one for whom I

would lie down and die-nay, more, for

A sort of ecstasy took possession of

him. The door swung back on its hinges;

he opened his eyes and Aunt Rebecca

Sandford entered the room. Rush start-

ed. If he had been struck in the face he

could not have had a harder blow. It

took him a few seconds to recover his

wits. If he had had to speak first he

would certainly have disgraced himself,

"She's very busy just at this moment"

(Miss Sandford had an ugly way of say-

ing "she" or "her" when she meant her

niece, forgetting that there were any

other shes or hers in the world), "and

asked me to step down and see you. I'm

Hailstorm" (another ugly trick of hers

was to get people's names wrong), "and

I'm always glad to have a little chat with them. Take a seat, pray. You

wanted to see her about that strike.

Well, now, I really don't see how she

could say anything on that subject. She

doesn't want to pitch into Maxmann be-

cause the man really means well; but,

you know, Italian opera is an expensive

luxury. That's why it's fashionable. It'll

never be popular, though, mark my

words. English opera is what'll fetch

the people. If that child ever sings in

English opera she'll make her everlasting

fortune. I tell her so, too; but they all

have a foolish pride about Italian opera.

It's nonsense, arrant nonsense. The big-

gest money is in the English opera, you

Rush had no doubt that she was cor-

rect, but he hadn't come there to hear

Miss Rebecca Sanford's opinion of the

relative merits of English and Italian

opera. He was a diplomatic young man,

however, and when he found that the

prospect of seeing Miss Knowlton looked

dim, he tried all his arts. When Aunt

Rebecca, who was an impulsive woman

for all her shrewdness and brusque man-

ner, learned that it was his first assign-

said he should "see that child as sure as

there was a Moses in the bulrushes," and

voice as she descended the stairs, and in

leaf as it lay in his for half a second.

can be of any service to you."

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr.

Then she sat down on one side of him

(Aunt Rebecca sat on the other), and

"took him all in." as she afterwards told

him. She saw a tall, well made young

man with brown hair, a clear, dark skin,

and strong, white teeth that a budding

mustache made no effort to conceal. He

was certainly handsome, and he had an

say anything, but, as he had taken the

trouble to find her and did not want to

go back empty handed, she would say

that, although she did not believe in

strikes, her sympathies were with the

"Not a prima donna I will venture to

"I have been very frank with you, Mr. Hurlstone," said Helen, "and I leave

it for you to draw the line between what

I have said to you and what I have said

to The Dawn. I think that I am perfect-

ly safe in trusting myself in your hands."

And she gave him a look of such con-

fidence that he was quite beside himself.

Both Helen and her aunt were pleased

with Rush. "When you are at the the-

atre come around and see us," said Aunt

Rebecca at parting. He was so young

Rush had a column of The Dawn for

his story, and it was a good one. The

and so enthusiastic that she liked him:

Hurlstone, and shall be most happy if I

mark my words."

but Aunt Rebecca began at once.

whom I would stand up and live." .

until he heard the rustling of a woman's

"This is her home," thought

"Is Miss Knowlton in?"

enough without this great climax.



high, the collar of another too low. Fi-STONE lost nally he completed his toilet and set no time in forth. His landlady met him in the hall. "Bon jour, Mme. Pinot," he said, gayly, Music. He as he ran downstairs; but Mme. Pinot was fortunate was so struck with his changed appearance that she could not find words to Mr. Maxmann in return his salutation. "Well," said she, in French, for she said it to herself, "something has happened; he doesn't look like the same person I saw this morning." And indeed he did not. There was a color in his cheeks and a brightness in his eye that had not been there in many a day. His encounter with Archie Tillinghast and his assignment from The

tache. The day warm one for March, and Mr. Maxmann -a small, stout man, with a very red face-had removed his collar and necktie, which lay en the table in front of him, beside his beer mug. His waistcoat was unbuttoned and thrown back, revealing a not too immaculate shirt front. Rush, as soon as he announced that he was from The Dawn, was ushered into the manager's presence, but was about to retreat with an apology for intruding upon his deshabille, when the little man sprang to his feet and embraced him in he most affectionate manner.

"Gome ride in, mein dear young gendleman," said he, forcing Rush into a chair. "Sid town and make yourself ad home. A glass here, you young rascal." (This to the office boy.) Then, filling the two mugs, "Your goot hel, my frient." Rush drank the toast and explained

"Yes, you may call it a strike, a leedle one; but I don't tink we'll haf any more drouble. It all comes of tad flageolet of mine—such a stupid vellow. He's a regular agidator, and he won'd be habby till he gets up a row. He's sugceeded in making some of the odders tink that they wand more money for rehearsals, but they don'd, and they know it. But some mens are never satisfied. That's all there is; the performances will go on all ride. Do you care for music? Of course you do. I see you are a young gendleman of taste. Here are some tickets. Don'd refuse me. I nefer asked you a vavor before. Come, and bring her.' And the manager winked his good natured fishy gray eye at Rush, who smiled to himself as he thought who the only

Rush thanked Mr. Maxmann for his room, when the door burst open and a gayly attired young woman swooped in upon them. I begthe reader's indulgence for saying "swooped," but no other word would describe this young person's manner of entrance.

"Ah, here you are, papa!" said she, giving the manager a resounding kiss upon his bald head. "I was afraid you'd be gone before I got here; but I've been flying round like a hen on a hot griddle all the morning-rehearsals and costumers; there's no rest for the wicked. Don't forget you're to take me out to dinner to-night. You must give me a good one, too. All the exercise I've had today has given me an appetite and a thirst too; don't forget that, papa-and a thirst too.' Then, suddenly discovering Rush, who was tugging ineffectually at a spring lock, "Who's the young gentleman? Why

don't you introduce me?" "You didn't give me time, paby. Mr.

"Happy to meet you, Mr. Hurlstone, of The Dawn, said the young woman, staring boldly into his eyes, as she put out her large hand, swathed in lavender colored kids, for him to shake. "Hope you've had a satisfactory chat with papa, and that he's given you lots of items for your paper and tickets for yourself." "Your father has been very kind,"

said Rush. But he had hardly said the last word when she gave vent to such a laugh as he had never heard from the mouth of woman before, and the old manager's face was actually purple in his efforts to keep from bursting.

"There! you've said enough," said she, as soon as she could control her laughter: "that's as much as I can stand for

The office boy entered the room at this moment. Rush availed himself of the opportunity to escape and bowed himself out. The manager was choking with suppressed laughter and the young woman was pounding him on the back as Rush

"Good heavens!" said the young man to himself as he stepped out upon the sidewalk. "I was just pitying Maxmann for having such a loud, vulgar daughter, and to think that she is a matter of choice! This is the stage, is it? This is the sort of man who comes in daily contact with Helen Knowlton. Well, she is an angel, so I suppose she can walk through fire without being scorched; but it's a pity she has to do it. If I had a million dollars I would send it to her anonymously and beg her to take it and retire into private life."

Standing by the stage door of the Academy, Rush saw a group of excited men gesticulating after the manner of foreigners. When he came up to them he knew at once that they were the striking musicians, among them being the belligerent flageolet, as Rush could see by the shape of the little leather case he carried with the men, who were very glad to tell their story to a reporter. It was a very different one from that of the manager. He didn't want to pay them at all, they said, and vowed that he had no money

"Mooch lika that," said the flageolet. "He have plenty money. He spend him -oh, yes, he spend plenty for his Bebe he calla her."

"Shall you play to-morrow?" asked

"Si, si," answered the spokesman "He pay we play. We tella him he no pay we no play."

By further questioning Rush learned

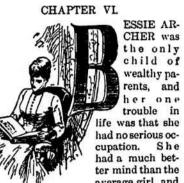
"They did not strike for higher pay, that there had been a close approach to she said, "but for what they had already serious trouble at the rehearsal that earned. I do not, however, want to acmorning-that the musicians, led by the cuse Mr. Maxmann. He had no intenflageolet, had refused to go on till they tion of cheating them out of their money; got their money, and that Maxmann had said positively he had not a dollar opera is very expensive, and the exin the bank, but would pay them in full penses are not properly apportioned. We prime donne are not paid in the on the first of the month, when he would get an assessment from the directors. right way. We should not get such They had heard that story before, and large certainties. I have always held that a prima donna should be paid in refused to put any confidence in it, and would have walked off with their instruproportion to her 'drawing' powers-a small certainty and a percentage.' ments under their arms if Miss Knowlton had not come to the rescue and in-"Hear that child, now!" interrupted sisted that the orchestra should be paid Aunt Rebecca, "you might know that with the money which was due her that she was an artist-no head for business. day, and which she knew Maxmann A small certainty, indeed! Who ever would have ready for her, because he heard of such a thing?"

could not afford to treat her as he had sav." said Heien. "No manager would treated the poor musicians. be bold enough to mention the subject "Noble creature!" said Rush to him self. "She is as good as she is great." in her presence." And to think that he was going to see So they chatted on for fiften or twenty minutes.

her, and on that very day, too! He learned from some of the people of the theatre that she drove out with her aunt every afternoon on the days when she didn't sing: and, as this was one of them, Rush concluded that he would not find her at home then, but that he had better call at her house just before dinner time, when he would be pretty sure of finding her in. This would give him time to dress, as it was not quite 5 o'clock. So he hurried over to West

Eleventh street. Never before did this young man dress himself with so much care. He had and then he was a "newspaper man!" taken his usual bath in the morning, but

city editor complimented him upon it, and told him to come inside the next day and he would try to find him a desk. So at last he had got a foothold, and his prospects seemed to him simply dazzling. What a glowing letter he wrote home! It was to his mother, with whom he could be confidential, and the glowing was largely about Helen Knowlton. "How young men will rave over women on the stage!" said that good lady. 'But it will blow over. I won't scold him vet, dear boy!" And she put the letter carefully away in her writing desk, that everything he owned. He looked over his stock of shirts with the eye of a 'the girls" might not see it.



average girl, and she was intelligent enough to be conscious of her own shortcomings. She wanted to be great, and she was only clever. Her father had taken unusual pains with her education, and the advantages that he would have given to a son were as far as possible given to her. She could translate Heine and De Musset very gracefully, and had put Horace into respectable English verse. Some of her Heine and De Musset translations she had set to music, and she sang them with a great deal of taste. But she tired of translating, and writing songs began to bore her. She wanted to do something of more consequence in

the world. Having been born and brought up in luxury, she thought she would like to be a labor reformer, and so she attended some noisy meetings at the Cooper Union, accompanied by her cousin Archie Tillinghast. Instead of being disillusionized thereby, she got up quite a sentimental feeling about the "horny handed sons of toil." So regularly did she attend these meetings that she became known by sight to some of the professional agitators, and one of them made bold to call at her house and ask her for funds to carry on the good work. He was a smooth tongued fellow, and he urged her to

write a labor reform pamphlet, which he engaged to print and send broadcast over the land-if she would pay the expenses. But the labor reformers palled upon her after a while, and she began to think deeply upon the subject of negro equality. She talked about it to every one who would argue or agree with her. She attended some meetings held to discuss the subject, and once invited the African orator home to dinner. She said that she had "no vulgar race prejudices;" gown on the stairs. His heart stopped | but her father had, and the dinner party did not come ou. El patronage, the orator told her one day that he had no vulgar race prejudices either, and that he would as lief marry a white woman as a colored one. He advanced this belief with so much meaning that Miss Archer rang the bell and ordered the servant to put him out of the house. After that day she carefully

avoided the subject of negro equality, and turned her attention to the amelioration of the condition of the Indian. This fancy pleased her longer than usual; but after she had made quite a collection of Indian trophies, and read a good deal, more particularly poems, of Indian literature, she went out to the plains to visit a friend who had married an army officer. There she saw the Indian divested of romance. She thought him a very uninteresting personage, and preferred the legends of the poets to the

facts that there stared her in the face. At the time when Rush Hurlstone became acquainted with her she was deeply interested in esoteric Buddhism, and had attended some questionable meetings at the apartment of the high priestess of Buddha, a certain Mme. Parapoff, who drew around her a wholly Bohemian and partially vicious lot of people, mostly men, among whom she sat smoking cigarettes and discoursing of the strange things she had seen in India. She wore a brooch which she said had been plucked out of the forehead of a departed Hindoo

doubt her? There was the brooch. Mme. Parapoff was a very clever wo man, and had written a book entitled "The Rending of the Veil," which no one read, but which every one said was a wonderful production. It was in two large folio volumes, filled with illustrations, showing the veil before and after the rending, and giving the mystic signs known only to those who had sought faithfully for esoteric information on

this subject.

Mme. Parapoff, as I have said, was clever, but she had a face that would frighten off any one who was not particularly anxious to learn that which she alone professed to teach. Bessie Archer was never more alarmed in her life than on her first visit to Mme. Parapoff's "bungalow," as the latter called it. She had never seen such a looking woman before: her face repelled her, but her manner was reassuring. The Russian was a thorough woman of the world, and she saw that in this visitor she had a fish of a new sort to deal with, who could not be caught with the common bait thrown to the men around her. Only the choicest morsel would attract her. She must be careful not to offend her by speaking too plainly before her at first, and she must not give her her famous pamphlet, "Naked, and not Ashamed," to read until she was quite sure of her. Bessie had induced her useful cousin, Archie Tillinghast, to accompany her to Mme. Parapoff's, Archie

didn't want to go at all, but he was convinced that Bessie would go alone if he didn't go with her. "Rum girl, Cousin Bess," he said to Rush; "bright as a dollar, but slippery as an eel; you never can tell where she is going to bob up. Beastly place, that Parapoff's. A lot of hairy men, smelling of whisky and tobacco smoke, lolling around the floor on skins, puffing their vile pipes in the face of the priestess, who sat on a sort of raised place in a big chair and smoked cigarettes, partly in self defense and partly to show her very white and well kept hands and handsome rings. Hers were the only clean hands in the room. Such a lot of tramps!

shirts among them." "And did Miss Archer find pleasure in their society?" asked Rush. rate, she was doing something out of the | wrote out his report of the Sappho and common, and there is great satisfaction | sent it down to The Trumpet office. in that to some people, old boy," ansie, otherwise you wouldn't find me trotting around to these tiresome places with ner-labor reform meetings, negro equality meetings and Indian meetings. ,'If you won't go with me I'll go alone,' she says; and what's a fellow to do? Duty

I don't believe they had a change of

calls and I obev." This conversation took place in the Powwow club, where Archie and Rush were dining according to the promise given in a previous chapter. They had a good dinner and a powwow that did honor to the name of the club. As they sat over the walnuts and the wine, Archie took \$15 from his pocket, and said, "Here s the rest of your money, old boy; I have deducted the \$5. I struck old Pennypacker for \$20. Let's see what you've

written." Rush, a little embarrassed, tried to put off the evil moment.

"Nonsense, man!" said Archie. "Out with them. You know this is not supposed to be poetry. I'm not a critic; anything with a rhyme will do, so long as you get in the magic word Damascene.' So Rush pulled the papers out of his pocket, and puffed vigorously at his cigar with an assumed air of indifference. Archie spread the sheets out before him,

cracked the soft shelled almonds with one hand while he held the manuscript with the other, and read the following

Like the blushes that paint the sunrise Are the blushes on her cheek; And the thrush's note in the woodland
I hear when she doth speak.
Like a feather that's lightly blowing Is her white and tiny hand; Ah, she's the fairest malden In all the broad green land.

But the sweetest charms she owneth Are her hands so pearly white; For she washes them with Damascer Each morning and each night.

"Bravo! bravo!" he exclaimed. "You could not have done better if you'd been in training for a month. This is just the thing." And, hastily glancing over the others, "Ah, I see you've dropped a little humor into these. That's good; but it's the sentiment that fetches old Pennypacker. You've more than earned your morey; so I hope your conscience is at

Rush reassured him on this point by pocketing the money, and at the same time he told him that his prospects at The Dawn office were improving; but he didn't say where his assignment had taken him, for fear of betraying himself if he spoke upon a subject so near his

"Now, Rush, my boy," said Archie, looking at his watch, "I don't like to appear rude, but you know I told you I and three receptions this evening. One is that of the Daughters of Sappho, who hold their annual reunion at Delmonico's; but that won't keep me long. I'll get a programme and flee. The other is at the house of the California millionaire, McMulligan, who owns a palace in Fifth avenue; and that will not delay me either, for the genial McMulligan himself has promised me a printed list of his guests. Then we will fly to my uncle Archer's, where we are sure to have a pleasant evening." So, donning their overcoats, the two

They walked down to Delmonico's. then in Fourteenth street, where the Daughters of Sappho were having a grand time. The meeting had been called to order when they arrived, and Mrs. Lavinia Hopper-Walker was beginning her essay on "The Weaker Sex," which she proved to the entire satisfaction to be the male.

"Who behaves the most calmly in times of emergency?" asked Mrs. Hopper-Walker, "the woman or the man? I need hardly say it is the woman. The woman will endure suffering without flinching, while a man in the dentist's chair has been known to kick great holes in the wall while his teeth were being filled." [Applause.] "Who are seized with panic at a fire?—the men or the women? Statistics will prove to you that half the trouble during a fire in a theatre or other public hall is invariably caused by the pushing and crowding of the men, who will stamp out the life of any one who gets in their way. If this is not proof that man is the weaker vessel, what is? To me it is sufficient." [Great

But Mrs. Hopper-Walker thought that the others needed further proof; for she continued to present them with stastistical evidence for half an hour longer at least. In the mean time Archie found the president of the club, Mrs. Merrie May, who gave him a programme of the evening's exercises and a printed synopsis of the different speeches. Archie was attending to his duties, Rush was looking about the room at the strange people ranged along the wall. A gentle-man with a very high forehead and a blonde beard that grew in irregular spots about his face wherever it could pierce the surface tapped him upon the shoulder

after a while, and said: "I saw you at the office of The Dawn the other day, so I presume you are a reporter and would like some points for an article for your paper-the names of the distinguished people here this evening, etc." And, before Rush could say that he was not there as a representative of his paper, the man ran his fingers through his straggling locks and, drawing himself up to his full 5 feet 44 inches, said, "The lady reading the address is Mrs. Lavinia Hopper-Walker,' adding, in a most impressive whisper, "my wife! I am Tobias T. Hopper-Walker. T. stands for Tartar.

mother was a Tartar." Rush thought that his wife was a Tartar also, but he didn't say so. "Mrs. Lavinia Hopper-Walker is a most remarkable woman, sir. She can take the floor against any man, and shut him up before he knows where he is." Rush looked at Mrs. Hopper-Walker, who at this moment was making one of her most cutting remarks at the expense of man. Her eyes were fixed upon her husband, and the expression of superiority that passed over her face was a study for a tragedian. The expression on his face would better have served the comedian, it was so self deprecatory and

showed such satisfaction in being the "This is a most representative gathering," he whispered. "There is Mrs. Ann Amelia de Johnstone, president of the 'Women Who Dare society.' It meets every week at her house in Williamsburg, where it enjoys a most intellectual

Rush looked in the direction indicated by Mr. Hopper-Walker's long forefinger and saw a woman with a high forehead decorated with thin, tight curls. Her eyes were large, and their prominence was exaggerated by the powerful glasses she wore on her very retrousse nose. Indeed, her nose turned up with so much determination that it carried her upper lip with it, exposing her two large front

teeth to the public gaze. "Mrs. De Johnstone is very clever," continued Hopper-Walker. "She writes for the magazines and pamphlets by the score. I suppore you have read her book on the form of marriage proposals among the ancient Egyptians? She holds that women proposed in those days and advocates the olden custom. Mrs. Hopper-Walker has written an answer to this, in which she proves that the custom is even older than Mrs. De Johnstone claims. and that that lady's theories have even been in practice in this country for years. It is a good custom for some women. I know a number who would not have been married if it had not prevailed." He cast a furtive glance in the direction of Mrs. Hopper-Walker, who

enthusiastic applause. At this moment Archie put his arm through Rush's and said it was time for them to be off. Rush thanked Mr. Hopper-Walker, and the two young men went down stairs to the cafe and seated themselves at a small table. While they "She tried to think she did. At any | drank a jug of German seltzer Archi-"There's nothing pleases them like get-

ting copy in early, dear boy. hie to my uncle Archer's, where I will leave you while I do the McMulligan's. As I told you before, that won't delay me long. Cousin Bess will take care of you while I am interviewing McMulligan on the cost of his entertainment." From Delmonico's they strolled up town as far as Twentieth street, where they turned off to the home of the Archers, on Gramercy park. The moon was shining brightly upon this exclusive little park, and upon the ladies in their handsome wraps who were running gayly up the Archers' front steps and disappearing in a blaze of gas light through the door. This was to be Rush's introduction to New York society-a thing he had heard a good deal about and regarded with more or less awe. He was just at an age when society is most attractive. He was very susceptible to beauty, and

he considered Helen Knowlton the most

beautiful woman he had ever seen. And gaged, or the next thing to it, and I am so she certainly was, for she was the making myself miserable as foolishly as only beauty he had seen who was not of a man ever did." He got some comfort. a more or less rustic type, and, notwithhowever, from two men who stood chatstanding his country bringing up, he had ting near by him. little taste for rusticity in women. This "Is Helen Knowlton engaged to West first appearance in the social world was Hastings?" asked one of the other. a great excitement to him, and he was

Myers.

very much afraid that he would do something in violation of the proprieties. So he determined to do as his friend Tillinghast did; and he could not have had a better guide in such matters. To Archie he said nothing about his embarrassment, and there was nothing in his manner to lead his friend to suspect it.

The two young men, as the ladies had done before them, ran lightly up the steps and entered the hall, where Rush almost had his breath taken away by the dazzling light and the perfume of flowers. He followed Archie upstairs, where they left their topcoats; and, taking a parting glance at himself in the mirror to see that his tie had not ridden up over his collar and that his hair was not too much rumpled, he descended with Archie to the drawing room. Here a gorgeous scence presented itself. The long rooms were brilliantly lighted with wax candles and decorated with more flowers than Rush had ever seen together in his life. The ladies were dressed in their finest Paris gowns; but it was not so much the dressing as the want of it that astonished our young countryman—the older the ladies were, the less they seemed to fear the cold. Archie presented him at once to his

uncle and aunt and to his cousin Bessie,

for whom Rush immediately conceived the friendliest feelings. Bessie Archer certainly was an attractive girl. She was handsome and well made, and she looked like a girl who enjoyed good health. Her complexion was brilliant, her teeth dazzling and her clear, gray blue eyes looked as strong as an eagle's. Although she was an exceptionally clever girl, she was not a bit of a prig, and her manner was remarkable for its cordiality. When she took Rush by the hand sho gave him such a firm, pleasant grip that he said to himself, "Here is a girl worth knowing; she shakes hands like a man; none of your flimsy, lackadaisical touching of the fingers, such as some girls give." And Bessie liked Rush at once. She had heard such pleasant things about him from Archie that she was naturally prejudiced in his favor; and it was impossi ble to look in his honest, manly face and not like him. "Now, Hurlstone, old fellow," said Archie, after introducing his friend to his cousin, "I will leave you to Cousin Bess' tender care and go where

duty calls." "I'm sure you could not leave me where I would rather be," said Rush, as glibly as though he had been "in society" all his life. "Perhaps you will have a different tale to tell when Archie comes back."

"I shall only speak more positively then," replied Rush, with a bow that Count d'Orsay might have envied. At that moment the band, stationed in another room, struck up the music of a waltz, and there was a general movement of pleasant anticipation among the young people. Their elders drew up along the wall, and the dancers took their places on the floor. "Do you dance, Mr. Hurlstone?" asked

said Cousin Bess.

you this waltz. I was saving it for Archie; but the poor fellow has not finished his day's work yet." "No, Miss Archer," replied Rush, "I do not dance. I have heretofore looked upon a dancing man with a feeling of superiority; but now I regard him with envy, and for the first time regret that the steps of the waltz are a sealed book

Miss Archer. "If you do, I will give

"I am very sorry, too; for I am afraid you are going to have a dull time, as this is a dancing company to-night. However, I will try and find a young lady whose conversation will in a measure alleviate your disappointment. Will you take something intellectual or something frivolous?" As Miss Archer asked this question, her eyes turned towards two adies standing on the opposite side of

Rush's eyes followed hers, and he answered, "Something frivolous, please." So they threaded their way among the dancers, and he was introduced to Miss

Gartia Gaston "How is it you are not dancing this vening, Miss Gaston" Rush inquired, for he felt quite sure that she was one of the dancing girls.

"Do you want to know?" "I am consumed with curiosity." "Because I hate a plain waltz, and none of these men know the 'dip,'" she answered, with a show of annoyance. "What ignorance! I fancied New York men knew everything. To think of it! grown men, and not know the 'dip'!" "You know it?" said Miss Gaston, half

"Alas, no!" replied Rush; "but, then, I am not a New York society man." "Where are you from-Boston or Philadelphia?" "Neither: I came direct from the coun-

try—from the abode of the milk pail and the s usage." "Really! and you work on a farm?get up at 5 in the morning, milk the cows, and all that sort of thing?"

"I never have, but I dare say I could, if the cows would let me try." "I should not think you would care to try," said Miss Gaston, with a movement of disapproval. "I should think a man might find something more manly to do

than milking cows." "No doubt he might; dancing, for in-"Yes, indeed. He could learn the 'dip' in much less time than it would take

Archer whirled past Rush in the arms of

liberty to feast his eyes upon the radiant

face of Helen Knowlton, as she entered

the room accompanied by her aunt and

him to learn to milk a cow."

Rush looked at the young lady to see annoyed and disappointed. if she was guying him, but the expression of her face showed that she was "I shall never forget this evening, Archie. Good night, old fellow. I'll hunt thoroughly in earnest. He began to wish you up some time to-morrow." that he had chosen the intellectual lady, So this foolish boy said good night to his entertainers and went out under the but the snatches of her conversation stars. He had hardly reached the sidethat reached him were not tempting. "I walk before he repented his act. What maintain," she was saying to a bald gentleman who was doing his best to supan idiot to leave the place where Helen was! But he could not stand the torture press a yawn, "I maintain that Greek of seeing her dancing with West Hastings. He would rather be out in the cool should be taught in the public schools; and you, Mr. Garside, should look to it, night air; but he could not tear himself as a member of the board of education, away from the place. Lighting a cigar, and see that our young girls and boys he paced the length of the park, always are taught that classic language instead with the house in view, and by the time of these vile modern tongues that are only useful for mercantile pursuits. he had finished it he saw the door open Greek is a purely intellectual language. and Helen and her aunt and Uncle Light-Herodotus would"- But here Bessie foot and West Hastings coming out.

West Hastings, and gave him one of her carriage, and, closing the door upon sweetest smiles as she passed; so he never them, bowed them off. Thank heaven, he was not going home with her! knew what Herodotus would have done. The carriage started down Twentieth Rush wished from the bottom of his heart that the dancing would stop, and avenue when Rush started after it. The that he might have a chance to talk a horses trotted briskly, and so did Rush. little with Miss Archer, who was quite It was not far to Helen's house, so that as bright, he saw, as her cousin had represented her to be. The thought had he arrived there just as the carriage hardly passed through his mind when drew up at the curb. Before he had time to think what he was doing the the music ceased and the dancers strolled off in pairs. A young man dressed in handle of the carriage door was in his the extreme of the fashion relieved him hand and he was making his best bow to the ladies. They were startled at first, of Miss Gaston, and he stood for a moment leaning against the wall, wonder- but were reassured when they recognized tivate. Many, also, know little of land: ing where Miss Archer was, when sud- Rush. denly his heart gave such an upward "How very odd that you should have lunge that he thought for a few seconds nappened by just at this moment!" said he should suffocate. But it soon fell back to its natural place and left him at "Chance has been kind to me," answered Rush, trying to speak without showing how blown he was. "I'm on

an old gentleman whom he had no difficulty in recognizing as Uncle Lightfoot He didn't say it was a very roundabout way of getting to his lodgings, nor did A subdued murmur of admiration ran Helen suspect it. He handed the ladies through the room as the prima donna to the door and bade them good night. stood for a moment on the threshold, "Don't forget that you are to come and looking about her for the host and hostplay the banjo with me," said Helen. ess. In a moment West Hastings was Forget! Rush laughed so heartily at by her side and conducting her on his the thought as he turned the corner of arm to Mr. and Mrs. Archer, while Aunt Twentieth street into Sixth avenue that Rebecca followed on the arm of Uncle a sleepless invalid tossing on his couch Lightfoot. Rush ground his teeth at the listened with enty to a man who was assured manner in which Hastings took well and happy enough to laugh so long his place at Miss Knowlton's side. Then and loud. he tried to laugh at himself for being such a fool. "Of course they are en-TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Religion in its purity is not so much a pursuit as a temper; or rather, it is a temper leading to the pursuit of all that is high and holy. It's foundation is faith; its action, work; its temper, holiness; its aim, obedience to God in all things. Miscellaneous Reading.

'No," was the reply; "and she never

will be engaged to Hastings or any other

man while 'Aunt Rebecca' lives. She

may come near it fifty times, but I'll

wager you anything you like that Aunt

Rebecca Sandford is not going to let

'that child' put her head into the noose.

And she's about right. Come, let's go up and have a B. and S." And they

sauntered out, leaving Rush in a pleas-

anter state of mind than he was in five

minutes before. If Helen Knowlton

was not engaged to West Hastings or to

any other man, then he didn't see that

his chances were utterly worthless; at

any rate he was not going to retire from

the field until after he had done some

prospecting. Rush Hurlstone, though

as modest a young man as you would

meet in a day's walk, was firm in the be-

lief that a man could accomplish any-

thing he made up his mind to do, pro-

vided it was at all within the possibili-

ties. If he had seriously set his mind

upon being president of the United

States, he would have gone quietly along

working towards that end, thoroughly

convinced that he would accomplish his

object. But he had no political aspira-

tions. His ambition ran in another

Helen Knowlton was now chatting

with Bessie Archer and three or four

men at the opposite end of the room. Rush's eyes were fastened upon her. He

was thinking of her with all his mind,

and she probably felt the magnetism of

his glance, for she looked up, and, recog-

nizing the face without being able to tell

where she had seen it, she bowed to him

in her most cordial manner. Aunt Re-

becca, who never forgot the face of a

newspaper man, bowed too, and mo-

tioned for Rush to come over to their

side of the room—an invitation he was

"How are you?" she said, giving him

her hand. "Helen, here is Mr. Hail-

storm, the young reporter who wrote

that nice article about you in The Dawn."

Rush was rather embarrassed by this

public announcement of his vocation,

and annoyed by the miscalling of his

name; but the hearty manner in which

Miss Knowlton received him made

"I recognized Mr. Hurlstone, and

bowed to him across the room," said she,

giving him her hand, whose touch sent

an electric thrill through his entire

frame. "Some other time I will thank

him for his kindness, if he will allow me."

Archie's, who brought him to us this

evening that we might see for ourselves

that all the nice things he had said about

"And do you think they are?" Asked

"We hope for the best," replie Bessie; "but I shall be able to speak with more

authority after Mr. Hurlstone has made

this house his headquarters for a while."

Rush thanked Miss Archer for the im-

plied invitation, but said he felt more

like hiding his head in a hole after

Archie's compliments than trying to

prove their truth; and thus they chatted

and laughed, after the manner of young

people at a party, until something was

said about the banjo. Rush's reply led

Helen to believe that he played that in-

strument, and she asked him if he did.

He confessed that he "picked out a tune

occasionally," and she invited him to

some around some evening when there

was no opera and try some duets with

her, for she delighted in the banjo and

Again the musicians struck up a waltz.

West Hastings leaned down and whis-

pered something in Helen's ear. She

looked as though what he said had

pleased her, and at once arose to dance

with him. Again Rush ground his teeth.

For a moment he wondered if he was too

old to learn the mysteries of the waltz;

but he could not help smiling as he

thought of himself whirling about over

a polished floor with a young woman in

is arms. Then he inwardly railed at a

custom that allowed such liberties. Be-

cause the band was playing and their

feet were moving in time to the music,

was that any reason why Hastings should

have his arm around Miss Knowlton's

waist and hold her hand in his? He

could not see that it was. Dancing was

a vulgar and vicious pastime, and he

would never allow a sister of his to take

part in any such wickedness. He did

not stop to think that no sister of his

would be likely to ask his permission.

His eyes were bent upon the ground as

these thoughts flew through his brain.

faint odor of mignonette reached him.

"Here I am at last, old man," said

Archie, at his shoulder—"just ready for

an evening's fun. My day's work is

done, and I'm in prime condition for

dancing. Seen the Knowlton? Ah, there

she goes! Lucky beggar, that Hastings.

They're engaged, you may bet your life.

Come, let's have a glass of fizz. Uncle

Archer is famous for his wines. I can

"No, thank you, Archie; I think I'll

go home. I'm pretty tired. You know

the social whirlpool is new to me. You

don't mind, do you? I'll make my

adieux to Mr. and Mrs. Archer and your

charming cousin, and slip off to my vir-

"As you please, dear boy; I never like

o force a fellow against his inclination,"

Archie answered; but he was evidently

The gentlemen put the ladies in their

promise you something good."

tuous couch."

He looked up just as Hastings and Miss

Knowlton were gliding past.

him were true."

Helen, smiling upon Rush.

"So you know Mr. Hurlstone?" said

"He is an old college friend of

amends for her aunt's want of tact.

not slow in accepting.

channel.

REMINISCENCES OF WESTERN YORK. I might go back over the scope of hese reminiscences and find several cidents connected with the lives of hose whose names have been mentioned in connection herewith, and out them on record. As memory is nore or less mnemonical, the mention of one incident brings to the mind another, and another, which the readers will remember and often have called to them the writer's at

I have mentioned Pete Westmore

and's name heretofore, but his histo-

ry is not yet full. Pete was a shining

light in the halcyon days of hoosierlom in Western York, and I have followed him through many of them and given crude sketches of his career. He was plucky and withal stout, and to cross him was to provoke a fight. A general muster ground bully, any place he could get into a crowd of the right stripe he was in for a row if any occasion would bring it about. The last exhibition of this kind in which I know him to have figured extensively was at Alex. Childers's corn shucking, just before Alexander and Jake Childers moved West—perhaps in 1858. It was during one of the political campaigns, in which Hon. A. S. Wallace and Hon. W. C. Black were candidates for the State legislature, I think. Pete was a Wallace man, and swore he could whip any man around that corn pile that wasn't for Wallace. The banter was a pretty strong one and as that section was usually divided between these two political opponents. Wallace and Black, it was most natural for a Black man to take him up. I am not certain but that George Morgan was the man that took him up, and a general fight was imminent, when Smith Sanders, Esq., the magistrate for that section, (who was about as drunk as anybody else) ordered an immediate cessation

of hostilities. Alex. Childers, whose nickname was "Sparrow," had been handing around the black bottle with some of Incle Jake's best "licker," and nearly the whole crowd was drunk-neroes as well as whites. I have told about the Manning negroes taking sides with the white boys in these fisticuff occasions; so it was with the other negroes. They would generaly take up for their young masters, whether they were right or wrong, and if there was no particular side to which they were thus attached they generally went for the side they want

Things, though, quieted down at Alexander's that night, and nobody was hurt. But notwithstanding the presence of the magistrate, and his order for everybody to behave themselves, Pete kept shouting "Squire Wallace is a mighty smart man and Pete's a hoss. If they don't believe let'em try to ride him.

uring in his old trade was after he went to Tennessee, just a short time after the war. He got a little drunk during court week, at Newport, I court room or make him be quiet, he proceeded to discharge that duty by calling to his assistance the necessary help. Such conduct provoked the judge, and he proceeded to give Pete a reprimanding. He asked Pete his name. "I'm a hoss, sir," he said. "What did you say, sir?" queried the judge. "Pete's a hoss," he again replied. "Mr. Sheriff," said the judge, "please put this hoss in the stable." Pete was soon ensconced in the sheriff's boarding house and there he remained until the next morning, when the judge sent for him in order to give him another hearing. judge said: "Well, Mr. Hoss, how is it this morning?" "I want to see Lila mighty bad, Mr. Judge." With a smile and a gentle reproof for his indiscretion on the day previous, the judge discharged him, and Pete went

on his way rejoicing-a wiser and better man. The last I heard of Mr. Westmoreland he was at Parrottsville, Tennessee, and prospering. He was always an industrious, honorable man, who worked hard and raised a family of industrious children who have made good men and useful citizens. Aside from his indiscretions hereinbefore mentioned, Mr. Pete Westmoreland was a fair average citizen, and what I have said about his frailties is not intended to impair his said, "have the spirit of revelation standing in the community in which | and speak for God. I bear my testihe was once a citizen. To anything dishonorable he was a perfect stranger. He was frank with his enemies and true to his friends. He was a blacksmith by trade, and for several years worked on Mr. Eddie Champers's place, 81 miles from Yorkville,

on the Howell's ferry road. J. L. S. WHAT THE ALLIANCE CAN DO.

The present season, it now seems,

will be a very prosperous one for Southern farmers. Not only has a large cotton crop been made, but the South has produced the largest crops of vegetables, fruits, hay, forage and grain that have ever before been known. This places the farmer in a very independent position. He has produced at home much that he used formerly to buy away from home. He has abandoned, to a great extent, the all-cotton policy, a policy that was ruinous to the prosperity of this section. For, value as we may our manufacturing and mining interests, and that they are of the utmost importance none can doubt, the prosperity of the South must ever rest mainly upon its farming interest. The Farmers' Alliance which exists in every Southern State, and which has accomplished so much in its fight with the jute trust, should see to it that Southern farmers take no backward steps, but that they continue to advance on the road of progress on which they have entered. It must insist that they shall raise corn and meat enough for their sustenance, and increase the number of articles raised or produced at home for home consumption. The yield of corn has been so prolific in the South that there never was a more opportune time for the farmers to raise their own meat. | and political privileges would be in-With a cotton crop of money value this year of from \$350,000,000 to \$400,better condition to pull itself out of the thralldom of debt and dependence. When it gets out let it stay out. Many of our farmers scarcely know the possibilities of the land they culthe pleasure and comfort that a life in the country can give. With their eyes fixed on the crops that they can | that the South has made more by the sell, they have forgotten that a little

comforts, would fill their yards with poultry, and their dairies with milk my way home. I don't live far from and butter. People ought to get all the enjoyment out of life that is possible. The farmer's life ought to be a happy and comfortable one. If the Farmers' that we have indicated they will help the farmers of the South more than they can in any other way. There If the Alliances can dispel these they will indeed benefit the farmer-benefit him in some cases in spite of himself.—[Greenville (Texas) Herald.

vegetables, fruits and other home

A Fort Wayne, Ind., dispatch says: Mrs. Thomas Woods, of Warsaw, Ind., has begun an active war against the saloons of that place. It is that which is rebuilding our Some time ago she served notice on | temple more glorious than that which the proprietors of several saloons | was originally constructed by King | else import some English courts.

husband, who is an ex-county clerk and prominent in the business world. These notices were uniformly disre-

garded; and a few days ago she entered one of the drinking places and smashed a costly mirror. One day last week she went into Rousseau's saloon, threw a hammer through a large window and broke the front windows of the place. She was not arrested and public sentiment is in her favor. She says she means to keep up her peculiar style of warfare till the sale of liquor to her husband is discontinued.

THE RICHEST EX-SLAVE.

The wealthiest colored man in the outh since the war, who was born a slave and set free by the emancipation proclamation, was Ben Mont-gomery, of Mississippi. He belonged to Joseph Davis first, and then to Jefferson Davis. For years before the war he was the secretary of Hon. Joseph Davis, Jefferson Davis' elder brother. The Davises were large planters and owned the canes" estate, consisting of three cotton plantations at the extreme lower end of Warren county, Miss., and about eighteen or twenty miles below Vicksburg. There were be-tween 12,000 and 15,000 acres of the finest land on the Mississippi river in these plantations and over 750 slaves. All the letters respecting the business of these places for thirty years were written by Ben Montgomery. He frequently went to New Orleans on business for the Davises and carried with him once \$90,000 in money. He traveled with Davis all over the North, and could have run away fifty times had he wished. But he remained loyal to the last. The Davises were noted for their kindness to slaves. They had finer "quarters' on their plantations, probably, than any planters in the South, excepting the Hamptons. They kept a physician always on the places and in every way cared for their "colored

people," as the slaves were frequently called. When Jefferson Davis and his brother Joseph left their homes, one as the president of the Southern Confederacy and the other as a brigalier-general, they put everything under Ben Montgomery's charge. He made the crops of 1861-62 and 1862-63, about 3,000 bales of cotton, and shipped it to New Orleans and sold it to foreign buyers for gold. This money he carefully sent to Davis. In 1865 when the slaves were emancipated, Davis sold the "Hurricanes" to Montgomery for \$300,000 in gold. When the federal "agents for the protection of abandoned property and lands" came to take possession of the Hurricanes, they found Ben Montgomery with a title so strong that it could not be upset and they left him in peace-

able possession. After the war he continued to hay. In 1876 there being a balance due on the payments, Davis The last I ever heard of Pete's figtook the property back, but left Montgomery in charge. These places now yield a handsome income to Davis, who lives on the Mississippi seashore at Beauvoir, but visits his had been informed by the court that old home once a year. Whenever he he must remove that man from the goes back to his former residence, all the old time negroes within fifty

miles come to see "Old Marse Jeff." When Ben Montgomery died, in 1881, Davis went to his funeral, and there was no sincerer mourner than he who once had the fate of a people upon his shoulders, at the grave of his old and life-long friend, though

THE MORMON QUESTION. The sixtieth general semi-annua conference of the Mormon church be instant. Wilfred Woodruff, president of the church, presided, and George Q. Cannon, of the first presidency, was present. There were also present five of the twelve apostles of the church and a great number of other high church officials. President Woodruff, in his opening

> been established by God, and that no power on earth could stay its progress. All revelations given to the saints, including polygamy, come direct from God, notwithstanding the trials and troubles through which the Mormons have passed, and the Lord would sustain all those who obeyed the people to give unquestioning obedience to the priesthood. "These men at the head of the church," he mony that President Woodruff and his counselors are prophets, seers and revelators. The hand of God is over this church, and no power can destroy it or impede its progress. I believe in implicit obedience in spiritual and temporal things. We cannot retain the spirit of God and yet be constantly finding fault with the priesthood. We must learn to judge men by what we see, not on the basis of the limited opportunity we have of knowing what they are doing for the people. We should not criticise the church

> authorities." Elder Jacob Gates and Apostle Grant and Elder Abram spoke in a similar vein. The church authorities are embracing every opportunity to keep the people in line politically, for they fear that with the loss of their ecclesiastical supremacy the church would be greatly weakened.

> IMMIGRATION THE REMEDY. John A. McClernand, of the Utah commission, has submitted a minorty report on the Mormon question Secretary Noble. His reason for so doing, he states, is his non-concurrence in the report of his colleagues in its general animus, particularly in its treatment between opinions and actions as subjects of legislative punhaustive review and discussion of the Mormon question and arrives at the conclusion that the best means of eradicating it is by immigration. The existing laws, he says, are work-

ing well.
"To let well enough alone, is a wise and safe rule," he continues, "I would therefore recommend general adherence to it. Further aggressive legislation trenching further upon civil jurious rather than beneficial."

The following is an extract from a speech of Col. W. A. Henderson, an Democrat of Knoxville, Tenn., at the re-union of the Army of the Cumber-

"I believe it as strongly as any-thing that was written by St. John war than the North. Some people extra care and labor would produce | thought that the question of slavery was the bone of contention. That question is settled now and settled forever, and in the settlement of that question the South has gained more than the North. While those men who wore the blue were settling the question against us in our teeth. I am of the opinion that they don't Alliances of the various Southern know how much good they are doing States address themselve to the work us. While it is true that they set four millions of slaves free, they didn't know so well as we know now that they set free four millions of the are not only trusts to be fought, but mistaken ideas and wrong notions were bound down, chained by the that have been the growth of years. If the Alliances can dispel these they der. It may have been involuntarily done, but they have for us made i respectable to work. And it is this work by the young men of the South which never could have been done by slave labor or her cousin-German convict labor—that is bringing | from the first, and they now justify the roses to bloom in the wilderness.

forbidding them to sell liquor to her | Solomon. In the providence of God that never could have been done in any other way. That it was not a question for argument. Was not a question for courts and lawyers. It was a question for the sword and shot and bayonet. You won the law suit but we got the mule."

"HIDE FROM THE CENSUS TAK-ER."-A State convention of the colored people of Georgia has been called, to meet in Atlanta, on November 12. The object may be judged from the following editorial utter-ance in the Atlanta News, of which William Pledger, who calls the con-

vention, is editor: "We are going to discuss matters, it don't matter who it hurts. We are going to tell of outrages and of the robbery of our people, expose the lies the Bourbon press has circulated about us, tell how we are denied representation and say to the world that so far as negro domination is concerned we do not wish it, but will say that we want representation scaled down, and if necessary to do it, we will say to overy negro in the State, 'Hide while the census is being taken.' If necessary, let the census tell that there is not a negro citizen of Georgia. Say, if necessary, you have moved to Mississippi. Let the convention be orderly and conservative, having the interest of our State at heart. Never forget that we are one people, and that the interest of one race is the interest of the other."

A WOMAN HATER.-The suicide of a Baltimore man the other day is fully explained by the statement that was a woman hater. For years had his aversion to women been so great that he would step from the sidewalk to avoid passing one too closely, and he would not sit at the same table with one. That the existence of this man must have been wretched beyond expression no one can doubt and perhaps the strangest part of this horrible romance is that he did not end his wretched life long ago. Disappointment in love in his youth is said to be the cause of his hatred for women. Like many another fool, he was ready to judge all women by the one who had played him false. By so doing he committed a wrong to woman kind for which no good woman can forgive him, and he inflicted a fitting punishment on him self by spending the rest of his life of nearly half a century in misery or mental torture. The man who hates womankind need never hope for happiness this side of the grave, and perhaps not beyond it.

THE WANDERING JEW .- Do you know the legend of "The Wandering Jew?" It is as follows: As the Saviour was on His way to the place of execution, overcome with the weight of the cross, He wished rest, and plant these places, making every year from 1,100 to 2,200 bales of cotton, besides an abundance of corn ordered him to move on, at the same his awful burden, He turned calmly toward the wretch and said: "Man. from this time forward throughout all eternity thou shalt be an outcast and wanderer over the face of the

The astonished Jew stood like one petrified, until the crowd had passed out of sight and the streets had become silent and empty. Then driven by terror and remorse, he began his wanderings from place to place. Pale and thin, with flowing white hair and unkempt beard, many nations of earth believe he still wanders, una ble to relinquish his task, or to find rest and oblivion in death.

A BACKSET, BUT NOT A DEFEAT. The abandonment of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange of a demand of 16 pounds tare on cotton packed in cloth, is by no means significant that that rate will not be finally agreed upon. The claim of the New Orleans exchange, that its action was forced by that of other exchanges. is no doubt true. Memphis never accepted the proposed rate, and the address, said the Mormon church had Charleston exchange re-considered its action accepting it. What other exchanges may have done we cannot state positively, but no doubt some of them acted as Memphis and

Charleston did. A complete triumph of the move ment for the substitution of cotton bagging, and the customs, fears and rivalries of the exchanges to be have overcome. But sufficient progress has been and will be made this season to give assurance of success if the policy of the alliances and the planters is resolutely adhered to, and we are gratified that there are no indications of weakening as yet .- [At-

News and Courier recently published ufactures and development of Columbia, the State capital, during last year and since 1880. The review shows that in spite of bad agricultural seasons the business of Columbia for the commercial year 1888-89 reached \$10,-616,000, an increase of nearly \$1,000, 000 over the year before. The output of manufactures increased 21 percent. the banking business 30 per cent., and new companies with a capital of one million and a quarter dollars was organized. The increase since 1880 is 55 per cent. in population, 92 per cent. in cotton receipts, 119 per cent. in banking capital and 324 per cent. in manufactured products. The great year, which will deliver thirteen thousand horse power of water power within the city limits and make Columbia the largest manufacturing centre in the South.

William Throckmorton, of Griffin, Georgia. has a 'possum farm near that town, where he raises five hundred opussums yearly, and ships them to different parts of the country in the season. The farm consists of a ten-acre persimmon grove, thickly interspersed with hollow trees or hollow logs thrust in the ground Here are 'possums of all sizes, from the little one-pounder to the big fellows that weigh nearly thirty pounds. When the simmons are ripe the animals reach their perfection as a delicacy, and during the remainder of the year they are fed on fruits, vegeta-bles, bits of bread and meat, and other

It is estimated that the amount contributed annually by the Christian population of all lands for religious purposes of every kind is about two thousand millions of dollars, being an average tribute of about \$1.50 for every man woman and child on the face of the earth to-day. At the Evangelical Alliance, held at Washington in 1887, it was affirmed that "Probably since 1850 more money has been raised by the Protestant church es of Christendom for purely evangelizing purposes, aside from current church expenses and local charities, than was raised for the same object in all the previous eighteen centuries.'

They have remarkable jurymen in England. Twelve men were recently found who listened to the testimony in a case of murder, a wife accused of poisoning her husband. She confessed to being a bad woman, guilty of infidelity towards her husband; but the sympathies of the people were with her. Every effort was made to throw doubt upon the case: but the jurymen were unmoved by it and came into court declaring that they had "no reasonable doubt" of her guilt; the verdict was unanimous themselves in what they did. We should be glad to import some English jurymen into this country, or